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H Y M N
O N
P E A C E.

T O T H E
P R I N C E
O F
P E A C E.

By *SAMUEL WESLEY*,
Rector of EPWORTH.

*O Shame to Men!—Men only disagree
Of Creatures Rational, tho' under hope
Of Heavenly Grace, and GOD PROCLAIMING PEACE.*

MILTON'S *Parad. Lost. Lib. 2.*

L O N D O N:

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THE
HUMAN
ON
PEACE
TO THE
PRINCIPLE
OF
PEACE



BY
SAMUEL WELLESLEY
REGENT OF EXETER

O Shame to Men!—Men only deserve
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A N

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ONCE more, O Saviour Prince, thy Bard inspire,
Instruct his Hands to touch the Sacred Lyre,
 With Notes like those which *calm'd* the Hebrew King,
 And let none throw the *Javelin* while I Sing.
Smooth flow my Verse, as *Sil'oe's* gentle Streams,
 Yet *Strong* and awful as Prophetic Dreams,
 And in *No-uninstructive* Strains declare
 The Foes to *Peace*, the *Cause* and *Cure* of *War*:
 So I'll devote my *Songs* and *Life* to Thee,
 And pass from Hymns on Earth to Heav'nly Harmonie.

Before the *Checquer'd* Line of Night and Day,
 E're the First *Morning* did its Beams Display;
 E're *Time* this measur'd Race had yet begun,
 Or Heav'n's bright *Wand'ers* Danc'd around the Sun:
 E're *Bodies* to Surrounding *Place* confin'd
 Were yet from *Nothing* call'd, when all was *Mind*;
 Th' Almighty *Word* the Heav'n of Heav'n's sustain'd
 Serene in Bliss the *King of Glory* reign'd:
 The Seraph-Choir in every Note agree,
 And all is *Peace*, and all is *Harmonie*.

Since *Ill* was *not*, how cou'd fierce *Wars* begin,
 And whence was *Sorrow*, and it's Parent, *Sin*?
Freedom of Thought! from Thee we all derive,
 Tho' Thou the *best good thing* that Heav'n cou'd give:

Fair *Liberty* abus'd to *License* turn'd,
 And in *Ambition's* Flames the Seraph's burn'd.
 Could then such *Rage* Celestial Minds inspire?
 Would what was next the *Highest* still be *Higher*?
 Can those bless'd Realms for *Civil Arms* prepare?
 O how could Heav'n be Heav'n when *War* was there!
A while it was, but soon th' *Ethereal* Mold
 Purg'd off its *Dross*, and Shone with Native Gold.

Son of the Morning, whither must thou go,
 Whelm'd from the Seats of *Peace* to *Warring* Worlds below?
 With Thee mad *Rage* and wild *Confusion* dwell,
 Pale *Hate*, lean *Envy*, practis'd to Rebel,
 And *Discord*, odious to its Parent Hell.
 Around th' *Ethereal* Walls the *Victor* drove,
 Breathing *Ambrosial* Fragancy and *Love*:
 He heal'd the *Scars* of Heav'n, sweet *Peace* restor'd,
 And Hymning Seraphim adore their Lord.

A while the Father's *Co-eternal* Son
 Repos'd him when the *Mighty Work* was done:
 Sublime the *Great-Three-One* enthron'd in State
 Did a *new World* in Council Meditate:
 It 'rose; In Heav'n, *To-will* is *To-be-done*:
 It smiling 'rose, and bless'd the *Great-Three-One*:
 The New-erected World to *Man* is giv'n,
 Tenant for Life *Probationer* of Heav'n,
 Once to regain that bright *Ethereal* Coast,
 And fill those Seats *Seditious Angels* lost.
 Learn *Mortals*, Learn from so *Severe* a Fate,
 With cautious Fear, to Shun the dang'rous *Height*!
 Adorn your *Orb*, Shine in your proper *Sphere*,
 And thence to Heav'n *aspire*, nor Danger fear,
 Since ev'n *Ambition's* self is *Vertue* here.

How easy to *Advise* how hard to *Learn*,
 Tho' *Precept* both, and dire *Example* warn!
 'Twas *Pride* alone your Beauties could Deface,
 O sole *Primeval-Pair* of Humane Race!
 You after *Pow'r* and *Knowledge* rang'd too far,
 At *Godhead* grasp'd, and fell to what we are.

How



How did you walk, till then, thro' *Eden's Grove*,
 Secure in *Truth*, and *Innocence*, and *Love*?
 Or under the broad *Platan's* Friendly Shade
 Or Mantling *Vine's*, on Mossy Couches laid,
 Near the soft *Murmur* of some bubling Spring
 With Angel-Guests *Discourse*, with Angels *Sing*!
 O were you not *too-blest*! and could you *Know*
 And yet *Forget* the Pow'r that made you so,
 And in *Connubial Fondness* lost, were grown
 At first each others *Idols*, then your *own*?
 How soon by *Satan's* Guile your Vertue fail'd!
 He *Came*, he *Saw*, he *Tempted*, and *prevail'd*.
 Lament the *Groves*, Laments the ruin'd *Ball*,
 And *Pity* mourns to see your hapless *Fall*.

Ambition thus Unpeopled half the Skies,
 Thus lost our Common Parents *Paradise*;
 Their *Seats*, as was their *Nature*, widely chang'd,
 For Blisful *Bowrs* thro' *Brakes* and Thorns they rang'd;
 For blooming Flow'rs which voluntary rose
 Th' ill-scented *Weed*, and *Warriour-Thistle* grows:
 Then Pain, and *Want* began, and mutual Jars,
 And Strife, and fretting Guilt, and *Embryo-Wars*:
 These propagated *Seeds* of Mischief grew,
 Till the first *Homicide* his Brother Slew:
Despair had seiz'd the Founders of our Race
 When they saw *Death* in Murder'd *Abel's* Face;
Steril to Dust had let their Dust return;
 Nor *Seth* been born, nor had we *Been*, to mourn;
 Had not the Promise of a *Peaceful seed*,
 Victorious o're the *Serpent's* prostrate Head
 Recurr'd to Mind, Calm'd either anxious Breast,
 And *Hopes* of future Joys their present Ills redress'd.

Desire of Nations! When wilt Thou appear?
 When will Slow *Time* produce the *Golden Year*?
 The *Golden Year* is Come, and *PEACE* is born:
 Ye *Sons of God*, Hail ye the happy Morn
 So long desir'd! All-hail your Princes *Birth*!
 Proclaim your grateful Message-*Peace on Earth*!

The *Gates of War* begin a long Repose,
 Nor Jar the *Iron-Hinges* as they close.
 The joyous *Suns* while in just Course they rise
 Here fix the bounds of centring Prophecies:
 See the Stern *Lion* Sheath his poignant Claws,
 Dandling the *Kid* between his rugged Paws!
 The *Bear*, now tame, rests by the grazing *Steer*,
 Unknowing that to *Prey*, as this to *Fear*:
 The sportive *Child*, unhurt, unfenc'd with *Charms*,
 Plays with the *Asp* that wantons round his Arms.
 All but Reluctant *Fiends* that hear, rejoyce,
 All Eccho *Peace* back to the Angel's Voice.
 Behold I give you Pow'r, the Saviour said,
 On *Serpents* and on *Scorpions* safe to tread,
 The *Basilisk* you unappaul'd shall meet,
 And trample *Dragons* underneath your Feet:
 Thus to the *Twelve*, and bids 'em *Peace* proclaim
 In His and in his mighty *Father's* Name:
 Who soon, with these *Instructions* arm'd, disperse
 The Saviour's *Laws* around the Universe:
Britain, by *Rome* discover'd, not possess'd
 Was with the joyful Tidings early blest'd.
 Fled hence the *Demons* when they heard from far,
 Fled *Taramis*, the Fabled *Thunderer*.
 What in revolving *Centuries* befel
 At once were mournful and were long to tell:
 How often *Luxury* has *Discord* bred,
 The *Monster-War* on its bad *Parent* fed:
 How oft *Ambition* has disturb'd our Rest,
 While we of Ruin fond, have toil'd to be Unblest'd!
 Whether our Isle the *Lunar Influence* guides,
 And floats our *Humours* with her Swelling Tides;
 Or we Heav'n's Bounty so profusely Share
 W' had been too blest'd had *Concord* too been there.
 Pardon, Dear *Mother soil*, if I Lament
 What Heav'n alone entirely can prevent;
 Those Ills which thy *Capricious Clime* infest,
 And ev'n in *Peace* have oft deny'd thee Rest.

Hide

Hide me, O hide me in the silent *Grave*,
 That equal Refuge to the Prince, and Slave,
 Where, O my Soul, thou never more shalt hear
 The hateful sound of *Strife*, th' *Alarm* of *War* !
 Our rankling *Wounds* are so averse to Cure,
 They hardly yet the gentlest Hand endure :
 Tho' *Royal Care* with Kind and Prudent *Zeal*
 Has lately *Touch'd* ; — But still 'tis *God must Heal*.
 O *Father*, *Brother*, *Friend's* endearing Name !
 You once a Share of *Tenderness* cou'd claim,
 But either are by *Interest* now engross'd,
 Or in Confounding *Party* sunk and lost.
 The *Common Foe* forgot, each *Squadron* bends
 Their Arts and Arms against *Intestine Friends* :
 With Looks *Oblique* they on each other Glare,
 As Threatning *Comets* shake their flaming Hair,
 Or *Stars Malignant*, boding *Strife* and *War*. }

The *Fathers* — But no more ! — If *Some* to blame,
 The Curse of *Cham's* on him that spreads their Shame !
 How *Bless'd* of Heav'n are those who *backwards* go,
 And what they ought not, would not, *will* not Know !
 Shall *Brothers* then in mutual *Arms* engage !
 What *Feud* so deadly as Fraternal Rage !
 If Truth *Secure*, Let *fordid Int'rest* go,
 And he be Rich and Great who *would* be so !
 Scramble for *Crowns* or *Mitres* as they fall
 T'adorn a *Scutcheon* at his *Funeral*.

Happy the Man who, *Form'd* and *made* to *Pleasure*,
Engages without Pain, is Kind with Ease !
 And next to Him, tho' born with Stars severe,
 Who rugged Nature *polishes* with Care :
 To *Vice* which Blinds the *Wise*, and cramps the *Brave*,
 Or to that Tyrant *Self* ; no more a Slave.

Vice is Contagious *Madness* : Swift it flies,
 Poisons the Air, and taints the hostile Skies :
 Who reach its *Verge*, draw in Infectious Breath,
 With Slow *Disease*, or a compendious *Death*.

No

No *Poisonous Beast* so sure Destruction gives
 As frantic *Man* himself on *Man* derives.
 To short-liv'd *Frenzy* they too oft decline
 In *Gloomy Intervals* of *Rage* or *Wine*;
 Their Blood with more than *vital ardor* burns,
 Ferments, and all are *Mobawks* in their turns:
 When higher wrought, th' increasing *Venom* reigns
Incurable, and Triumphs in their *Brains*.
 With *Rage Canine* they Snarl, and Bark; and Rend
 Themselves, and more their too-officious *Friend*.
 Mad mournful *Mirth* enchants the Fair and Young:
 So those whom the *Tarantula's* have Stung
 In leud Discourse *unblushing* find delight,
 Detest the *Thing in Black*, a sad, ill-omen'd Sight.
 Sooth'd with soft *Lydian* *Airs* they now advance,
 And loose as *Bacchanalian* *Furies* dance;
 Till with the *Frolic* tir'd, and out of Breath
 Their certain Cure is *Weariness* or *Death*. (a)

Others for *Love* delirious grown, or *Fame*,
 As from *Arachne's* Sons their Poison came,
 With Fury blind in mortal (b) *Fight* contend,
 Nor hear or know their *Father* or their *Friend*:
 And what's the glorious *Prize* for which they Dye?
 'Tis some fair *Cobweb*, or a *Painted Flie*.

But *Madder* sure the Wretch than all the rest,
 With basest *Fear*, and blackest *Fiends* possess'd,
 Who takes a far more *desprate Leap* than He
 That *Etna* plumb'd for Immortalitie,
 And when with *Want* or *Pain* severely press'd
 With his own Hand gores his own *faithless* Breast.
 How well Reveng'd He on the *Partial Skies*,
 How *fierce*, how *hard*, how like a *Cato* dies!
 So when Imprison'd by Surrounding Fires,
 A while the *Scorpion* from their Heat retires:
 But when th' encroaching *Flame* more fiercely glows
 Mad with *Despair* *perversely valiant* grows:
 By his own fatal *Sting* transfix'd he lies,
 And with true *Roman-Fear* the *Pois'nous Insect* dies.

(a) See these
 Symptoms of
 those who are
 Stung by the Ta-
 rantula, in Mede
 of Poisons.

(b) See the
 fierce Duels of
 Spiders in the
 forementioned
 Author.

Fair *Truth*, fair *Vertue*! whither were you fled?
 Return, now *Peace* erects her radiant Head!
 To ANNA's Court, your *Fav'rite* Seat, Repair,
 And ever shine, as friendly *Rivals* there!
 Dispel the Mists of *Error* and of *Vice*,
 And make her happy Isle a *Paradise*.
 I see a bright *Reverse* of Things appear,
 And all that's *Fair* and *Beauteous* flourish here.
 The *Arts* of *Peace* shall find a just Regard,
 And *modest* worth no more *escape* Reward:
 Foul *Scandal*, Bound and Gagg'd, no longer roar,
 With hideous *Din* affright the World no more:
 Subjects shall in their Princes *Mirror* dress,
 And *Europe* envy *Britain's* Happiness.
 See on the Throne *Majestic Meekness* Shine,
 The *Martyr's* *Blood* confess'd in every Line!
 She lays her *Terrors* by, her *Sword* she Sheaths,
 And *Pardon* only now, and *Blessings* breaths.
 Say ye attendant Heavenly Ministers!
 Is *She* in *Peace's* Form, or *Peace* in *Hers*?
 Can such *persisting Goodness* ever fail?
 It *will*, it *must* at last on All prevail.
 Let Her *Victorious Mercy* stand Confess'd,
 And let no *Briton* longer be *Unbless'd*!
 Why should we fondly reach beyond our *Sphere*,
 And *Mortals* with their *Maker* interfere?
 Into the *Ark* of his *Foreknowledge* pry,
 Altho' the *Sacrilegious Gazers* Die?
 Can Man direct his *Councils*, or withstand,
 Or wrest the *Scepter* from th' Almighty's Hand?
 Then let us his *own World's* Disposal yield
 To him who only can the *Thunder* wield:
 The while, too *deep* for ought but *Death* to part,
 Be ANNA's Name *inscrib'd* on every Subject's Heart.
 How *fond* of *Life* who wishes to *Survive*,
 And longer then the *Nation's* *Breath* would live!
 Guard Her, ye *Angels*! Guard your *precious Charge*!
 May *Mercy* to *Mankind* Her *Life* enlarge!

Thro' many a *rolling* Age Her Years prolong,
 And make Her ever *Happy*, ever *Young*!
 While Heav'n and ANNA reign, we rest *Secure*,
 And may Her Reign the *Length of Time* endure!
 No other *Coronation* may we need,
 But still may She herself, herself *Succeed*;
 Safe against Earth's and Hell's united Pow'rs
 While Heav'n's *Her Guarrantee*, and She is *ours*.
 Nor can our *well-concerted* Blessings fail,
 If Prudence ought, or Oaths, or Laws prevail,
 Unless our clam'rous *Crimes* cut off th' *Entail*.
 Hence then, ye *Airy Jealousies*; Disband
 And *haunt*, in Dismal Forms, no more, the Land;
 While all to whose *Sick Fancies* you appear'd
 Look smiling round, and wonder why they *fear'd*;
 As those who sinking in some *pitchy Stream*
 O'erjoy'd awake to find 'twas but a *Dream*.
 May doubting Minds resistless *Light*. receive,
Surpriz'd with *Blessings* they can scarce *believe*.
 May *Albion* Shine entire. Each *Cloud* away
 Nor *taint* the Lustre of so fair a Day!
 Let distant *Tweed* flow undisturb'd and clear,
 Her Valiant Sons no more be *fear'd* or *fear*.
 Be calm impetuous *Ouze's* noble Flood!
 On my Lov'd *Trent* again let Halcyons brood!
 Thro' SHEFFIELD's large Demesnes on either side,
 A num'rous Fleet of his *own Cygnets* glide,
 And by fair NORMANBY, when wafted flow,
 Admire Inverted *Woods* and lofty *Tow'rs* below.
 Let Stormy *Humber's* Sea forget to roar,
 And ev'n his *Eagre* gently kiss the Shore;
 No more his *Madding Waves* their Banks forsake,
 But Die away in a Smooth Silver *Lake*.
 May Royal *Thames* no Storms or Tempests know,
 But with a clear and equal Current flow:
 Th' inestimable *Pearl of Truth-divine*
 His *Floating Castles* waft beyond the *Line*;
 And safe *return'd*, to his *Augusta* bear,
 The Wealth of *Peace*, not Spoils or *Scars of War*;

While

While on her Brows new Spirey *Turrets* rise,
 Whence Clouds of grateful *Incense* fill the Skies.
 Nor will her Crowded *Streets* her Pomp contain:
 The *Air* itself, a numerous joyful Train,
 (How like the *Holy Innocents*!) shall boast,
 Only out-number'd by the *Heavenly Host*.
 What Tears of Joy! what *Transports* then shall flow
 While *Angels* gaze above, and *Men* below!
 While Earth to Heaven's Triumphal Hymns replies,
 And *Peace on Earth* is Eccho'd from the *Skies*.

Sweet is *Deliv'rance* to the long-oppress'd,
Ease after *Pain*, and after *Labour*, *Rest*;
 After *Long* Winter's Blasts soft Vernal Air,
Good after *Bad*, Composure after *Care*;
 A Lovely *Calm* when low'ring *Tempests* cease,
 After Consuming *War*, reviving *Peace*.

One only Bliss *just* Heav'n our Age denies,
 Too soon reclaim'd by *Irritated* Skies:
 GOD did His Part, a *Royal Heir* did give,
 But we *Sinn'd* on, and wou'd not *Let* him Live.
 (I'll *Steal* from Public Joy, but soon Return;
 None shou'd, this happy Day, be *seen* to Mourn.)
 Drop soft your *Lilies*, Virgins, as my Verse!
 Drop *Tears*, Strow *Roses*, Silent, on his Herse!
 O, Thou *wer't* GLOCESTER—Dry each Stubborn *Tear*,
 Stifle your *Sighs*, Lest the GREAT MOTHER hear.

It will not be, for *Grief* has still the *Reins*,
 And tho' the *Tide* is pass'd the *Swell* remains.
Retire we then to the wise *Pollio's* Seat,
 That Scene of all *Agreeable* and *Great*;
 Where, in the *Town*, thick *Rural Shades* he sees,
 And views the World in *Emblematic Trees*:
 With deep *Research* their *Polity* Surveys,
 Each Tribes *Diseases* and their *Cures* he weighs,
 Conversing tho' retir'd, and scarcely there,
 Amidst the fanning *Breeze*, and Vernal Air
 One Moment intermits the *Public Care*.
 Tho' long his weighty *Thoughts* intent remain
 A *Pleasant Interruption* breaks their Chain:

See thro' the Grove a *Shining Form* appear,
 The parting Shades Confess a VERTUE near:
 She, o'er th' *Illumin'd Herb* Majestic treads,
 And in her Hand a *Little-Love* she leads:
Reflex their Image strikes the Hero's Sight,
 He turns, and mingles in their *Group* of Light.
 The *Lovely Boy*, with each *Auspicious* Grace,
 And Promises of *Greatness* in his Face,
 Ran *Pleas'd*, ran *Smiling* to his Sire's Embrace:
 With Lips untaught, *less-than-Half-Words* he tries,
 But more the *Charmer* prattles with his *Eyes*:
 He rais'd the *Infant-Honours* of his Head,
 Young *blooming Joys* around profusely shed,
 And if he could have Spoke, he *PEACE*, had said. }

To these, what *noble Figure* shall we joyn,
 With equal *warmth*, to fill the Bold *Design*?
 Joyn *Him*, who still of *Inward Peace* possess'd,
 Who feeds no *Warring Vices* in his Breast:
 Firm fix'd on *Wisdom's* and on *Vertue's* Base,
Father of *Peace*, a Friend to Human Race:
 SERENE IN WOUNDS; Impenetrably *Calm*;
 Whose *Hands* are Healing, and whose *Words* are Balm:
 And long may such *Supporters* Guard the Throne,
 For Royal ANNA's Welfare and our own!
 In *Council* and in *Treasury* Preside,
 The *Helm* of State, with Hands unerring Guide:
 Their weighty *Cares* be Crown'd with wish'd *Success*,
 And *Them* and *Peace* Succeeding Ages Bless!

Nor ever may this Happy *Calm* be pass'd,
 But *Wars*, and ev'n their *Rumours* now outlast!
 O KING-MESSIA! Vindicate thy Throne!
 Assert thy *Father's* Empire and thy own,
 'Till *Vice* and *Error*, thine and *Peace's* Foes
Seal'd in th' *Unbottom'd Pit* from whence they 'rose.
 O're *Subject-Hearts* that with Delight obey,
 Spread thro' the *willing World* thy gentle Sway!
 This Is thy *Kingdom*; This shall never cease,
 Crown'd and Consummate with *ETERNAL PEACE*.

